CHARACTER
THE GRANDEST THING

ORISON · SWETT · MARDEN

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CHARLES GEORGE GORDON.
"Chinese Gordon." "Gordon Pasha."

English Soldier. b. Woolwich, 1833; d. Khartum, 1885.

CHARACTER

THE GRANDEST THING IN THE WORLD

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

AUTHOR OF "PUSHING TO THE FRONT"
"THE SECRET OF ACHIEVEMENT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

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THIRTY-FOURTH THOUSAND

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CHARACTER:

THE GRANDEST THING IN THE WORLD.

I. A GRAND CHARACTER.

If Drummond was wise in calling an abstract quality, Love, the Greatest Thing in the World — then Love in the concrete, embodied in Character, is the Grandest Thing in the World. Drummond himself, in his life-story, is far grander than anything he ever wrote, for his was "the life of a radiant personality."

"You met him," says Dr. George Adam Smith, his biographer, "a graceful, well-dressed gentleman, tall and lithe, with a swing in his walk and a brightness in his face, who seemed to carry no cares, and to know neither presumption nor timidity. You spoke, and found him keen for any of a hundred interests. He fished, he shot, he skated, as few can; he played cricket; he would go any distance to see a fire or a football match. He had a new story or a new puzzle or a new joke every time he met you. Was it on the street? He drew you to watch two messenger-boys meet, grin, knock each other's hat off, lay down their baskets, and enjoy a friendly chaffer at marbles. Was it on the train? He read you a fresh tale of his favorite — Bret Harte. Was it a rainy afternoon in a country house? He described a new game, and in five minutes everybody was in the

thick of it. If it was a children's party, they clamored for his sleight-of-hand." Drummond as a boy was manly, and as a man he carried a boy's heart in his breast.

"The Prince," he was called by the young men who knew him. "He had a genius for friendship," says Professor Grose. He so won the affection of working-men that one said, after Drummond died, that he almost felt as if he must pray to him — to invoke his influence for good, from out the heavenly realms.

"His influence," says Ian Maclaren, who first knew Drummond as a boy on the cricket field, "more than that of any other man I ever met, was mesmeric — which means that, while other men affect their fellows by speech and example, he seized one directly by his living personality. Quite sensible and unromantic people grew uneasy in his presence, and roused themselves to resistance, — as one might do who recognized a magician, and feared his spell. Men were at once arrested, interested, fascinated by the very sight of the man, and could not take their eyes off him. It was as if the prince of one's imagination had dropped in among common folk."

He was the youth who sprang to the aid of Moody and Sankey in the Scottish stronghold, who caught hold of young men and persuaded them in untechnical phrase to do what their praying mothers on earth and God Most High would have them do; the quiet, restrained evangelist, not twenty-three, about whom all men gathered as their leader when the American evangelists left Scotland. A stalwart theologian, too, was he, who detected the natural laws that were at work in the spiritual world, — a thinker simple, clear, presenting truth in the concrete. He, too, was the explorer plunging into the wilds of Africa, without giving a thought to a book

HENRY DRUMMOND.

b. Stirling, Scotland, 1852; died 1897.

maker's fame; and while a quarter of a million people were reading his books, he was crowding along the work of the hour at the world's end in America or Australia.

How eagerly men sought him, clung to him, and followed him as he followed the Master!

Do we ask — What is Character? Is it not that sum of qualities which distinguishes one person from another? Do we say that Drummond's versatility was his distinguishing characteristic? It was, rather, his unique combination of high qualities; and no man can acquire a far-reaching influence without a fair mental balance, with great strength upon many sides.

If it is no part of my intent, in this booklet, to catalogue those mental and moral traits of most value to mankind, yet it is my intent to name certain deep-rooted dispositions, which are essential in the mental make-up of those who set before themselves a high ideal in seeking for The Grandest Thing in the World.

II. THE LIGHT BEARERS.

True worth is in being, not seeming,—
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good, not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

ALICE CARY.

A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation, and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies; one may say, simply, "fineness of nature."—RUSKIN.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. . . By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves.—STEVENSON.

On the steps of a public building in Florence an old, disabled soldier sat playing a violin. By his side stood a faithful dog holding in his mouth the veteran's hat, into which, now and then, a passer-by would drop a coin. A gentleman, in passing, paused, and asked for the violin; first tuning it, he then began to play.

The sight of a well-dressed man, playing a violin in such a place, and with such associations, attracted the passers-by, and they stopped. The music was so charming that they stood enchanted. The number of contributions largely increased. The hat became so heavy that the dog began to growl. It was emptied, and soon filled again. The company grew until a great congregation was gathered. The performer played one of the national airs, handed the violin back to its owner, and quickly retired.

JENNY LIND.
(Madame Goldschmidt.) Swedish Singer.

b. Stockholm, 1820; d. Wynd's Point, Malvern, 1887.

One of the company present said: "This is Amard Bucher, the world-renowned violinist. He did this for charity; let us follow his example." And immediately the hat was passed for a collection for the old man. Mr. Bucher did not give a penny, but he flooded the old man's day with sunshine.

So, too, it is related that when Michael Angelo was at the height of his fame, when monarchs and popes were paying fabulous prices for his works, a little boy met him in the street, with an old pencil and a piece of dirty brown paper, and asked him for a picture. The great artist sat on the curbstone and drew a picture for his little admirer.

A like charming story is told of Jenny Lind, the great Swedish singer, which shows her noble nature. Once when walking with a friend she saw an old woman tottering into the door of an almshouse. Her pity was at once excited, and she entered the door, ostensibly to rest for a moment, but really to give something to the poor woman. To her surprise, the old woman began at once to talk of Jenny Lind, saying, —

"I have lived a long time in the world, and desire nothing before I die but to hear Jenny Lind."

"Would it make you happy?" inquired Jenny.

"Ay, that it would; but such folks as I can't go to the playhouse, and so I shall never hear her."

"Don't be so sure of that," said Jenny. "Sit down, my friend, and listen."

She then sang, with genuine glee, one of her best songs. The old woman was wild with delight and wonder, when she added, —

"Now you have heard Jenny Lind."

Sweeter than the perfume of roses is a reputation for

a kind, charitable, unselfish nature; a ready disposition to do to others any good turn in your power. "The mind's sweetness," says Herbert, "has its operation on the body, clothes, and habitation." So Cervantes spoke of one whose face was like a benediction. "Good looking," as Horace Smith remarks, "is looking good." "Be good," says our Amesbury poet, "be womanly, be gentle, generous in your sympathies, heedful of the good breeding of all around you, — and you will not lack kind words of admiration."

Was there ever an unselfish person, of charitable and generous impulses, sociable, loving, kind, of tender spirit, thoughtful for others, who was not universally beloved? He, indeed, is the light-bearer.

Some people are born happy. No matter what their circumstances are, they are joyous, content, and satisfied with everything. They carry a perpetual holiday in their eyes, and see joy and beauty everywhere. When we meet them they impress us as having just met with some good luck, or as having some good news to tell. Like the bees that extract honey from every flower, they have a happy alchemy which transmutes even gloom into sunshine. In the sick-room they are better than the physician and more potent than drugs. All doors open to these people. They are welcome everywhere.

The most fascinating person is always the one of the most winning manners; not the one of greatest physical beauty.

We do not need an introduction to feel his greatness, if you meet a cheerful man on the street on a cold day you seem to feel the mercury rise several degrees.

The two main characteristics of a lady or of a gentleman are, according to Earl Beaconsfield, propriety and

consideration for others. "Will you fall into any extreme?" asks De Sales. "Let it be on the side of gentleness." How appropriate are such sentiments for household mottoes! "Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other, in absolute unselfishness." "Never part without loving words."

The following was found in an old manor-house in Gloucestershire, England, written and framed, and hung over the mantel-piece of a sitting-room: "The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man. Virtue is his business; study, his recreation; contentment, his rest; and happiness, his reward. God is his Father; Jesus Christ, his Savior; the saints, his brethren; and all that need him his friends. Devotion is his chaplain; chastity, his chamberlain; sobriety, his butler; temperance, his cook; hospitality, his housekeeper; Providence, his steward; charity, his treasurer; piety, his mistress of the house; and discretion, his porter, to let in or out, as most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of virtue, and he is master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven, and he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words — a man and Christian."

III. THE GREAT-HEARTED.

One act of charity will teach us more of the love of God than a thousand sermons. — ROBERTSON.

It was a cold, dark evening, and the city lights only intensified by their sharp contrast the gloom of the storm. It was the time when wealthy shoppers were eating their hot dinners, when the stores were closing, and when the shop-girls were plodding home, many too poor to ride, tired with the long day's standing and work.

A shop-girl was hurrying home through the slush after a hard day's work. She was a delicate girl, poorly dressed, and wholly unable to keep out the winter's cold with a thin fall cloak. She was evidently very timid and self-absorbed.

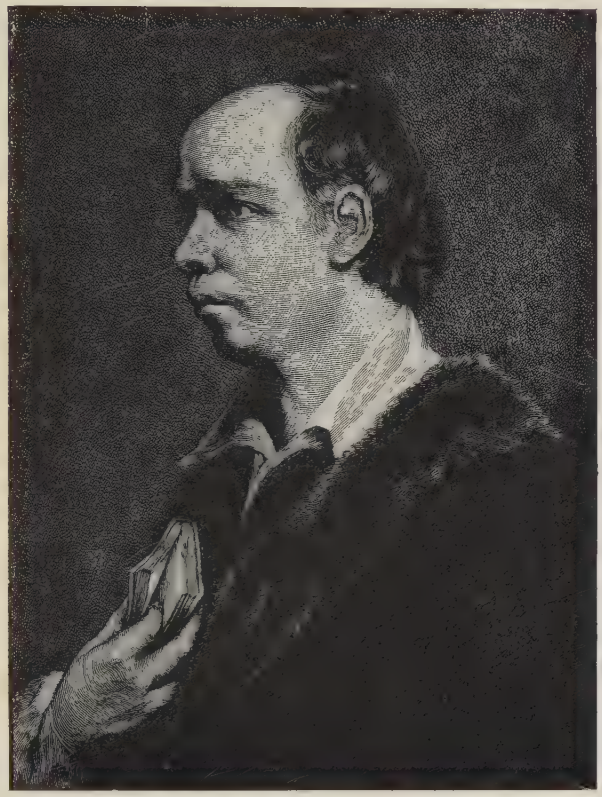
A blind man was sitting in an alley by the pavement, silently offering pencils for sale to the heedless crowd. The wind and sleet beat upon him. He had no overcoat. His thin hands clasped with purple fingers the wet, sleet-covered pencils. He looked as if the cold had congealed him.

The girl passed the man, as did the rest of the hurrying crowd. When she had walked half a block away she fumbled in her pocket, and turned and walked back.

For a moment she looked intently at the vender of pencils, and when she saw that he gave no sign, she quietly dropped a ten-cent piece into his fingers, and walked on.

But she was evidently troubled, for her steps grew slower.

Then she stopped, turned, and walked rapidly back to



OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
English Poet, Novelist, Dramatist, and Misc. Author.

b. Pallas, Ireland, 1728; d. London, 1774.

the dark alley, and the man half hiding in it. Bending over him, she said softly, "Are you really blind?"

The man lifted his head and showed her his sightless eyes. Then with an indescribable gesture he pointed to his breast. There hung the dull badge of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said humbly. "Please give me back my ten cents."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, and held out the coin.

She took out her purse. It was a very thin one. It contained but two silver dollars, one-third of her week's hard earnings, — all she had. She put one dollar of it into his hand with the words — "Take this instead, for the dear Lord's sake, and go home now; you ought not to sit here in this bitter wind and sleet." Then she turned her steps homeward, pitying the wretched man, and thinking that no one had seen her.

"The high desire that others may be blest savors of heaven."

A poor woman, knowing that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient found him sinking in sickness and poverty. The doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label: "These must be used as necessities require. Be patient, and of good heart."

At the battle of Fredericksburg, hundreds of Union

soldiers lay wounded on the field a whole day and a night; the agonizing cries for water among the wounded were only answered by the roar of the guns. At last a Southern soldier who could not endure these piteous cries any longer begged his general to let him carry water to the suffering. The general told him it would be instant death to appear upon the field, but the cries of the unfortunates drowned the roar of the guns to him at least, and he rushed out among the wounded and dying with a supply of water on his errand of mercy. Wondering eyes from both armies watched the brave fellow as, heedless of guns, he passed from soldier to soldier, gently raising his head and placing the cooling cup to his parched lips. The Union soldiers were so struck by the action of this boy in gray, risking his life for his enemies' sake, that they ceased firing from admiration for an hour and a half, as did the Confederates. During this whole time the boy in gray went over the entire battlefield, giving drink to the thirsty, straightening cramped and mangled limbs, putting knapsacks under the heads of sufferers, spreading coats and blankets over them as tenderly as if they had been his own comrades.

General Gordon is said to have had a great number of medals for which he cared nothing. There was a gold one, however, given to him by the Empress of China, with a special inscription engraved upon it, for which he had a great liking. But it suddenly disappeared; no one knew where or how. Years afterwards it was found out, by a curious accident, that Gordon had erased the inscription, sold the medal for ten pounds, and sent the sum anonymously for the relief of the sufferers from the cotton famine at Manchester.

There is one anecdote — matchless if not incredible. It reads like a fable out of the Orient. It relates to a Spanish Moor, whose walk in his garden was interrupted by the inrush of a Spanish cavalier who flung himself at his feet and implored protection, saying that the pursuers were seeking his life for having slain a Moor. Refuge was promised in the garden summer-house till midnight. Unlocking the door at the appointed hour, the Moor said: "You have killed my only son. But I pledged my word not to betray you." And he placed the murderer upon a mule, saying, "Flee while darkness conceals you. God is just; my faith is unspotted, and I have resigned judgment to him."

Yet, unless it is true that a pledge is sacred, the pillars of heaven may fall. Unless generosity of spirit prevails among men there can never be upon earth an ideal life.

"The last, best fruit," says Richter, "which comes to late perfection even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic."

As we stand upon the seashore while the tide is coming in, one wave reaches up the beach far higher than any previous one, then recedes, and for some time none that follows comes up to its mark, but after a while the whole sea is there and beyond it; so now and then there comes a man head and shoulders above his fellow-men, showing that Nature has not lost her ideal of great-heartedness, and after a while even the average man will overtop the highest wave of noble manhood yet given to the world.

IV. A NORTH-STAR COURSE.

Character is moral order, seen through the medium of an individual nature. — EMERSON.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him, He gives him for mankind.— PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor; and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example that roll away from him and go beyond his ken. — BEECHER.

> Life 's more than breath and the quick round of blood;
> 'T is a great spirit and a busy heart.
> We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
>
> BAILEY.

In a large, open square in New Orleans stands a beautiful marble statue erected by the city, and on the statue are these words: "The Statue of Margaret, of New Orleans."

She was left an orphan by the ravages of yellow fever. She married in early womanhood, but her husband soon died, also her only child. She was poor and uneducated, and could scarcely write her name. She went to work in the Orphan Asylum for Girls. She toiled early and late, solicited groceries from merchants, and, indeed, put her whole life into the work for these orphans. When a new and beautiful asylum was built Margaret and one of the Sisters of Mercy freed it from debt. Margaret opened a dairy and bakery in the city, of her own. Everybody knew her, and patronized her milk-wagon and bakery. She worked very hard and saved every cent, to

help the orphans whom in effect she had adopted as her own children. She never owned a silk dress or wore a kid glove, and she was very plain; but the city erected this beautiful monument to the orphan's friend, as a thank-offering for a beautiful, helpful, unselfish life.

An absolute surrender, consecration and devotion of self to all that is better and purer and truer, is the secret of character-building. By a consuming zeal for all that is noble and excellent our love of self becomes softened and clarified. By constant contemplation of excellence we clear our selfhood of all dross and impurities. We let go all things which we cannot carry into the eternal life.

It is this sublime living that stamps the features. What is more beautiful than the face of Mrs. Oliphant, of Mr. Gladstone, and of a vast number of figures that are not printed for fashion plates?

"Let any one," says Charles Kingsley, "set his heart to do what is right and nothing else, and it will not be long ere his brow is stamped with all that goes to make up the heroic expression, with a noble indignation, noble self-restraint, great hope, great sorrows, perhaps even with the print of the martyr's crown of thorns."

Where certain lines in the face of Gladstone came from we learn by such incidents as that related by Sir Francis Crossley, to whom it was told by the vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The vicar had recently been to see a crossing-sweeper in his parish, who was ill.

"Has any one been to see you?"

"Yes, Mr. Gladstone."

"But how came he to visit you?" inquired the vicar, who could not understand why the Chancellor of the Exchequer, although then living in the parish, should call upon a sick crossing-tender.

"Well," answered the crossing-sweeper, "he always had a nice word for me when he passed my crossing, and when I was not there he missed me. He asked my mate, who has taken my place, where I was, and when he heard that I was ill he asked for my address, and put it down on paper. So he called to see me."

"And what did he do?" asked the vicar.

"Why, he read to me from the Bible and prayed," was the reply.

To be loyal to the highest interests of every man, how characteristic was this of the magnanimous Gladstone! Indeed, how Christ-like was such service!

So, too, there is an anecdote of Charles N. Crittendon. When his own daughter entered into Our Father's House he gave his entire time to carrying the divine message of peace and good-will to those who rarely heard it. And he established homes of refuge for those homeless women who sought to walk in new paths of life.

I never read the life-stories of Mrs. Judson, Mrs. Snow, Miss Brittain, Miss West, without feeling that the heroic age of our race has just begun.

And let me ask what member of a Christian church was ever more self-devoted than John, the felon? He was a man of coarse features, close-cropped hair, and of a shuffling gait. He asked for a position as a nurse in a yellow-fever epidemic at Memphis. The doctor refused him.

"I wish to nurse," persisted the stranger. "Try me for a week. If you don't like me, then dismiss me; if you do, pay me my wages."

"Very well," said the doctor, "I'll take you; although, to be candid, I hesitate to do so." Then he added mentally, "I 'll keep my eye on him."

But the man soon proved that he needed nobody's eye upon him. In a few weeks he had become one of the most valuable nurses on that heroic force. He was tireless and self-denying. Wherever the pestilence raged most fiercely he worked hardest. The suffering and the sinking adored him. To the neglected and the forgotten his rough face was the face of an angel.

He acted so strangely on pay-days, however, that he was followed through back streets to an obscure place, where he was seen to put his whole week's earnings into a relief-box for the benefit of the yellow-fever sufferers. Not long afterwards he sickened and died of the plague; and when his body was prepared for its unnamed grave, for he never told who he was, a livid mark was found which showed that John, the nurse, had been branded as a convicted felon. How fitting his epitaph! — "I was sick, and ye visited me."

"There is but one pursuit in life," says Colton, "which it is in the power of all to follow and all to attain: this is the pursuit of virtue." "It is this commanding worth, this personal power," says Emerson, "which is crowned in all companies." Nor was there ever a more signal instance of it, dear to the heart of our English-speaking people, than occurred at Lord Stratford's Crimean war dinner party, when the old officers were invited to write secretly upon a slip of paper the name connected with that war most likely to descend to posterity with renown; every paper bore the name, "Florence Nightingale." "The lady with the light" — she it was who won the highest fame in that war of the Orient.

"Within a few hours only of the arrival of herself and her little band of nurses," says the record, "many hundred wounded men were brought in from the fight at

Balaklava, and a little later thousands more from the field of Inkerman. Nothing was ready, everything was to be done, and it was her task to bring order out of a chaos of misery. She sometimes stood, during her first week in charge, twenty consecutive hours issuing directions; and she made it a point, when matters were running in routine order, to give her personal attention to the worst and most appalling cases."

"Her nerve," said a surgeon who worked with her, "was wonderful. I have been with her at very severe operations; she was more than equal to the trial. The more awful to every sense any particular case, especially if it was that of a dying man, the more surely would her slight form be seen bending over him, administering to his ease in every way in her power, and seldom quitting his side till death released him."

"She would speak to one and to another, and nod and smile to as many more," said a soldier, "but she could n't do it to all, you know, — we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again content."

Another said, "Before she come, there was such cussin' and swearin'; and after that it was as holy as a church!"

How closely are these anecdotes related to the divine life in man, and how greatly they enhance the sacredness of his personality! It is this which sets one apart, and we instinctively maintain a reserve toward those whose princely lives are so honored by unique acts of fidelity to God and to man.

It is this rigid and unquestioning adherence to duty which Mrs. Anna Jameson calls "the cement which binds the whole moral edifice together: without which all

power, goodness, intellect, truth, happiness, and love itself, can have no permanence."

If a man's religion is of the right sort, will it not sharpen his faculties, quicken his energies, heighten his self-respect, give solidity to his character, and enhance both his usefulness and his prospects of success? In the sublimest flights of the soul, rectitude is never surmounted, love is never outgrown.

And by it are we not akin to the highest beings in the universe, and even to the Most High? It was during our Civil war that a soldier lay long upon his dying cot, counting the days, then the hours, of his discharge; and under his pillow was found this dedication of himself which indicated his faith in the highest kinship of the soul: "I give to a patient God my patient heart."

V. INTREPIDITY OF SPIRIT.

He 's true to God who 's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all their race.

LOWELL.

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues!

GEORGE ELIOT.

In arming the Christian soldier Paul puts sincerity before everything. Not, How much do you believe? but, How much do you believe it? He is less concerned with the article than with the ardor of my faith: he is content it should be half formed, if it be whole hearted. — MATTHESON.

La Tour d'Auvergne, alone in the besieged castle, multiplied himself, in effect, by shooting first from one window, then from another. When the terms of surrender were arranged the "garrison" was allowed to march out with the honors of war. To the astonishment of all, one man, the "First Grenadier of France," came forth, and stacked arms. "But the garrison must abandon the castle!" expostulated the Austrian chief. "Where is the garrison?" "I am the garrison," replied La Tour proudly.

Garibaldi's power over his men amounted to fascina-

tion. In Rome he called for forty volunteers to go where half of them would be killed and the others wounded. The whole battalion rushed forward; and they had to draw lots, so eager were all to obey.

What is every man but a magnet, to attract, or to be attracted? Every man ultimately falls into the company with which he affiliates. And he is the strongest who draws men to himself, who creates the company; and this is through having a positive quality — moral courage and physical prowess.

There was "Gentleman George," a young officer, of whom one of our war writers has told us. He spent all his spare hours in study, and daily he read his Bible. Camp life is never private, but George took the jeers of his comrades good-naturedly. He made an exact map of the country about the camp, much to his credit with the colonel of the regiment. When an insane soldier sprang into quarters George seized him. In the day of battle George ran in between the firing-lines and brought off a wounded lieutenant. And after such exhibitions of the stuff he was made of no one joked further whenever Gentleman George sat down to read his Bible.

"The greatest man," says a recent writer, "is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, and virtue, and on God is most unfaltering."

Such a man was Aristides the Just. When Themistocles sought to transfer the government of Greece from the hands of the Lacedæmonians into those of the Athenians, he intimated one day in the popular assembly

that he had a very important design to propose; but he could not communicate it to the public at large, because the greatest secrecy was necessary to its success, and he therefore desired that they would appoint a person to whom he might explain himself on the subject. Aristides was unanimously selected by the assembly, which deferred entirely to his opinion. Themistocles, taking him aside, told him that the design he had conceived was to burn the fleet belonging to the rest of the Grecian States, which then lay in a neighboring port, when Athens would assuredly become mistress of all Greece. Aristides returned to the assembly, and declared to them that nothing could be more advantageous to the Commonwealth than the project of Themistocles, but that, at the same time, nothing in the world could be more unfair. The assembly unanimously declared that, since such was the case, Themistocles should wholly abandon his project.

Is not moral courage always quick to rebuke a wrong? When Bishop Coleridge Patterson was a boy at Eton he was captain of the eleven; and he had the courage to declare that he would resign his captaincy, and take no part in the rowing, if coarse songs were sung at the annual supper. An objectional song was sung, and he, with others, at once rose and left the room. It was not until an apology was offered that he resumed his post. So, too, Gladstone, as a boy at Eton, turned down his glass when an improper toast was proposed. As a schoolboy, the Bishop of Salisbury was kept by Gladstone from evil ways. And the student generations drank less in the years following Gladstone's abstemious courage.

"A heart unspotted is not easily daunted."

This is true always and everywhere. In Harvard University the idea of what was the manly thing was definitely changed when Arthur Cumnock threw his athletic influence in favor of temperance in all things, fair play, courtesy, and modesty. Moral courage always tells.

Is not intrepidity of spirit as requisite in the tent as on the battlefield? "I was sitting with General Grant one day," said Clinton B. Fisk, "when a major-general in full uniform appeared, saying: 'Boys, I have a good story to tell. There are no ladies present.' 'No, but there are gentlemen present,' replied the commander-in-chief."

When God calls a man to be upright and pure and generous, he also calls him to be intelligent and skilful, and strong and brave.

"I will call this Luther a true great man," says Carlyle, "great in intellect, in courage, affection, and integrity, one of our most lovable and precious men, — great, not as a hewn obelisk, but as an Alpine mountain, so simple, spontaneous, honest, not setting up to be great at all; there for quite another purpose than being great. Ah, yes, unsubduable granite, piercing far and wide into the heavens; yet in the clefts of it fountains, green, beautiful valleys with flowers!"

VI. "A FRAGMENT OF THE ROCK OF AGES."

"One ruddy drop of manly blood the surging sea outweighs."

Last summer two young Creek braves, Watka and Deer, met at a dance; they were suitors for the same maiden, who was present. Trouble arose; there was a short fight, resulting in the death of Deer. For this homicide Watka was tried under the laws of his tribe, was found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be shot at a date early in August. Immediately on conviction the condemned man was released on parole, *as others in the same circumstances had been,— it being not an infrequent tribal custom.* No bond, no surety of any kind, nothing but his pledge to report for execution was required.

Watka could kill his rival in love in the heat of passion; but he would not violate his promise, to save his life. He married the girl on whose account he had fought and killed Deer, and when the day of execution approached he made preparations to die, making every possible provision for his widow.

But he was not to die at the first time appointed. He was a member of a famous Indian baseball team, and a number of games in which he was needed had been scheduled. For this reason, and this alone, he was reprieved till the last day of October, in order that he might fulfill his baseball engagements. The games ended: and on a Sunday Watka reported to the Creek authorities (in our Indian Territory) to pay his debt. A press despatch describes what followed:

"Watka set out alone to the public execution grounds.

MARCUS ATILIUS REGULUS ADVISES THE ROMAN SENATE TO CONTINUE THEIR WAR AGAINST THE CARTHAGINIANS. 250 B.C.

Painting by Prof. C. Maccari.

In due time he arrived. The crowd was waiting. The prisoner assumed his position on bended knees, with arms tied behind, and a bandage over his eyes. The rifle was in the hands of a good marksman; there was a sharp crack, and the white spot marked for the heart was instantly discolored with blood."

A story not unlike this is related of a Bay State Tory, Dick Johnson, in our Revolutionary war. After his arrest, upon his personal word to the sheriff, he went about his usual work, in and out; and when it was time for him to be tried for high treason he set off alone and walked through the forests to Springfield to be tried for his life. But a member of the Massachusetts council, knowing his character, rescued him from the rope.

Then, too, we have that old story of the Punic captive, released that he might advise Rome to make peace. He advised Rome not to make peace. "But, Regulus, what will become of you?" "I gave my word to return, and I will keep it; but do you refuse to make peace."

Who would not go far to see such men as Damon and Pythias, the one ready to die as a substitute for his friend, and the other voluntarily ready in his place at the death block when the hour struck?

When the sacredness of one's word is matched in the attributes of his character throughout, all that constitutes a man, then we find that there is something in a man's life greater than his occupation or his achievements; grander than acquisition or wealth; higher than genius; more enduring than fame. "The truest test of civilization," says Emerson, "is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops; no, but the kind of men the country turns out." Montaigne kept his castle gates unbarred during the wars of the Fronde, because his

reputation for integrity was better defence than a regiment of horse.

"Your lordships," said Wellington in Parliament, "must all feel the high and honorable character of the late Sir Robert Peel. I was long connected with him in public life. I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had greater confidence." Are not the characters of great men the dowry of a nation? Chateaubriand said he saw Washington but once, yet it inspired his whole life. To Washington, Jefferson once wrote — "The confidence of the whole nation centers in you." Of Abraham Lincoln, his great antagonist, Stephen A. Douglas said that there was safety in the very atmosphere of the man.

Manhood is above all riches and overtops all titles; character is greater than any career. "Character must stand behind, and back up everything, — the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. None of them is worth a straw without it." "I have read," Emerson says, "that they who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man than anything which he said."

It was remarked by Disraeli that "we put too much faith in systems, and look too little to men." This was the ground of that wise remark of Samuel Johnson to travelers, in which he belittled the palaces and cities, and even the picture galleries and fine scenery; yet the seeing of eminent men he thought to be of the first importance. "Go," said Lord Essex to the young Earl of Rutland, "a hundred miles to speak with one wise man, rather than five miles to see a fair town."

"The prosperity of a country," says Luther, "depends not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength

of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment, and character."

The value of personal integrity to the state, at a great crisis, was singularly illustrated by George Peabody. In 1837, after he moved from America to London, there came a commercial crisis in the United States. Many banks suspended specie payments. Many mercantile houses went to the wall, and thousands more were in great distress. Edward Everett said, "The great sympathetic nerve of the commercial world, credit, as far as the United States were concerned, was for the time paralyzed." Probably not half a dozen men in Europe would have been listened to for a moment in the Bank of England upon the subject of American securities, but George Peabody was one of them. His name was already a tower of strength in the commercial world. In those dark days his integrity stood four-square in every business panic. Peabody retrieved the credit of the State of Maryland, and, it might almost be said, of the United States. His character was the magic wand which in many a case changed almost worthless paper into gold. Merchants on both sides of the Atlantic procured large advances from him, even before the goods consigned to him had been sold.

Another illustration is given us in Cockburn's "Memorials of Francis Horner":

"The valuable and peculiar light in which Horner's history is calculated to inspire every right-minded youth is this: at the age of thirty-eight he was possessed of greater influence than any other private man, admired, beloved, and trusted; and at this early age he died, deplored by all except the heartless and the base.

"Probably no greater homage was ever paid in Parliament to any deceased member. How was this attained? By rank? He was the son of an Edinburgh merchant. By wealth? Neither he nor any of his relatives ever had a superfluous sixpence. By office? He held but one, and that for only a few years, of no influence, and with very little pay. By talents? His were not splendid, and he had no genius. Cautious and slow, his only ambition was to be right. By eloquence? He spoke in calm, good taste, without any of the oratory that either terrifies or seduces. By any fascination of manner? His was only correct and agreeable. By what was it, then? Merely by sense, industry, good principles, and a good heart, qualities which no well-constituted mind need ever despair of attaining. It was the force of his character that raised him; and this character was not impressed on him by nature, but formed, out of no peculiarly fine elements, by himself. There were many in the House of Commons of far greater ability and eloquence. But no one surpassed him in the combination of an adequate portion of these with moral worth. Horner was born to show what moderate powers, unaided by anything whatever except culture and goodness, may achieve, even when these powers are displayed amidst the competition and jealousies of public life."

It was Horner whom Sydney Smith described as having the ten commandments stamped on his forehead.

"Nature," says Thackeray, "has written a letter of credit upon some men's faces, which is honored wherever presented. You cannot help trusting such men; their very presence gives confidence. There is a 'promise to pay' in their very faces which gives confidence, and you prefer it to another man's indorsement."

This quality, which we sometimes speak of as characterizing "a man we can tie to," is always at a premium in a democracy. If it was said of the personal character of the first Alexander of Russia that it was equivalent to a constitution, much more, in a free land, the stability of our institutions depends upon moral excellence embodied in the citizens. "One good, strong, sound man," said Old John Brown, of Ossawatomie, "is worth a thousand men without character in building up a state."

"Give us a man, young or old, high or low," says Dean Stanley, "on whom we know we can thoroughly depend, who will stand firm when others fail; the friend faithful and true, the adviser honest and fearless, the adversary just and chivalrous, — in such a one there is a fragment of the Rock of Ages."

VII. THE WEALTH OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is — spotless Reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

SHAKESPERE.

Heart-life, soul-life, hope, joy, and love, are true riches. — BEECHER.

When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;
When health is lost, something is lost;
When character is lost, all is lost.
— *Motto over the walls of a school in Germany.*

We were always without a sou, but we never spoke of money, for money counted for nothing in our ambition. — ROUSSEAU.

"Meal, please your Majesty, is a halfpenny a peck at Athens, and water I get for nothing!" This was the answer made by Socrates to King Archelaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid courts.

"I don't want such things," said Epictetus to the rich Roman orator who was making light of his contempt for money-wealth; "and besides you are poorer than I am. You have silver vessels, but earthenware reasons, principles, appetites. My mind furnishes me with abundant occupation in lieu of your restless idleness. All your possessions seem small to you; mine seem great to me. Your desire is insatiate, mine is satisfied."

"I have a rich neighbor," said Izaak Walton, "who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that 'The diligent hand maketh rich;' and it is true indeed; but he

considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; or, as was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'that there may be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.' The keys that keep those riches hang often heavily at the rich man's girdle. Let us be thankful for health and a competence, and for a quiet conscience."

"Money is not needful," said Professor Blackie to the young men of Edinburgh University; "power is not needful; liberty is not needful; even health is not the one thing needful; but character alone is that which can truly save us."

"The real benefactors of mankind," says Emerson, "are the men and women who can raise their fellow-beings out of the world of corn and money; who make them forget their bank account by interesting them in their higher selves; who can raise mere money-getters into the intellectual realm, where they will cease to measure greatness and happiness by dollars and cents; who can make men forget their stomachs and feast on being's banquet."

He is the richest man who enriches his country most; in whom the people feel richest and proudest; who gives himself with his money; who opens the doors of opportunity widest to those about him; who is ears to the deaf, eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. Such a man makes every acre of land in his community worth more, and makes richer every man who lives near him. On the other hand, many a millionaire has impoverished the town in which he lived, and lessened the value of every foot of land.

What is character but the poor man's capital? Is not character an available piece of property? Is it not esti-

mated as moral security, the noblest of possessions? "It is an estate in the general good will and respect of men; and they who invest in it will find their reward in esteem and reputation fairly and honorably won."

"Thee shall do as well by me as I do by thee," said a Quaker tanner, when he took an apprentice. The boy won his employer's confidence by his honesty, good nature, and industry. "Henry," said the Friend, "I think of making thee a fine present when thy time is out. I cannot tell thee what it is to be; but it shall be worth more to thee than a hundred pounds." When the apprenticeship expired, the Quaker said, "I will give thy present to thy father," adding, as he addressed the latter, "Thy son is the best boy I ever had. This is the present — a good name." Henry's golden visions vanished; but his father said, "I would rather hear you say that of my son than to see you give him all the money you are worth, for 'a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.'" It was the outcome of the lad's own exertion, the reward of his own good principles and conduct. A good name: "without it, gold has no value; birth, no distinction; station, no dignity; beauty, no charm; age, no reverence."

"Character is like stock in trade," said Dr. Hawes, of Hartford; "the more of it a man possesses the greater his facilities for making additions to it. Character is power — is influence; it makes friends, creates funds, draws patronage and support, and opens a sure and easy way to wealth, honor, and happiness."

How were a multitude of business men who lost every dollar they had in the Chicago fire enabled to resume business at once, some in a wholesale business, without money? Their record was their bank account.

The commercial agencies said they were square men; that they had always paid one hundred cents on a dollar; that they had paid promptly, and that they were industrious, and dealt honorably with all men. This record was as good as a bank account. *They drew on their character.* Character was the coin which enabled penniless men to buy thousands of dollars' worth of goods. Their integrity did not burn up with their stores. The best part of them was beyond reach of fire, and could not be burned.

A good character is a precious thing, above rubies, gold, crowns, or kingdoms, and the work of making it is the noblest labor on earth. Money-getting has well been called unhealthy when it impoverishes the mind, or dries up the sources of the spiritual life; when it extinguishes the sense of beauty, and makes one indifferent to the wonders of nature and art; when it blunts the moral sense, and confuses the distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice; when it stifles religious impulse, and blots all thoughts of God from the soul.

It is just as important to set apart time for the development of our æsthetic faculties as for cultivating the money-getting instinct. A man cannot live by bread alone. His higher life demands an impalpable food. It takes a large bill of fare to feed an immortal being. The mind and soul in a well-developed man are ever more imperious in their demand for the true and the beautiful than is the body for material food.

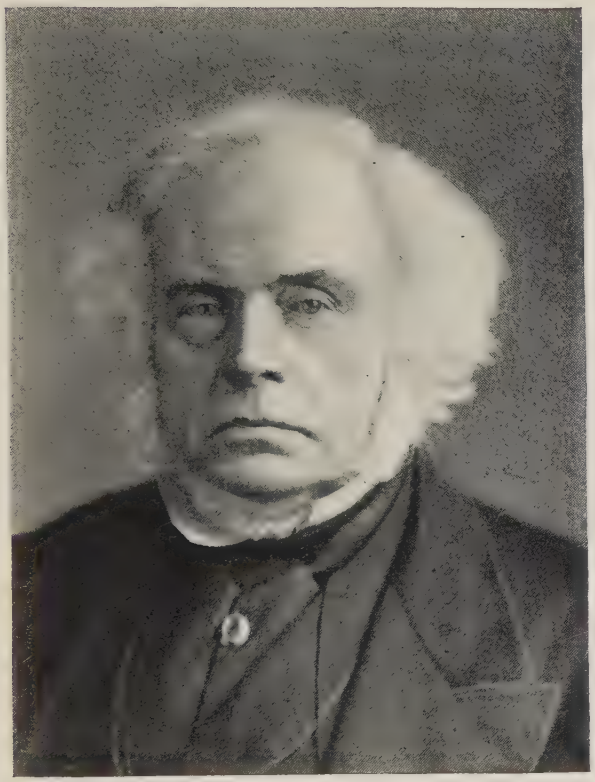
Character is perpetual wealth, and by the side of him who possesses it the millionaire who has it not seems a pauper. Compared with it, what are houses and lands, stocks and bonds? "It is better that great souls should live in small habitations than that abject slaves should

burrow in great houses." Plain living, rich thought, and grand effort are real riches.

Neither a man's means, nor his worth, are measurable by his money. If he has a fat purse and a lean heart, a broad estate and a narrow understanding, what will his "means" do for him — what will his "worth" gain him? What sadder sight is there than an old man who has spent his whole life getting instead of growing? If he has piled up books, statuary, and paintings, with his wealth, he may be a stranger amongst them. How poor he is if his soul has shriveled to that of a miser, and if all his nobler instincts are dead!

Do you call him successful who wears a bulldog expression that but too plainly tells the story of how he gained his fortune, taking but never giving? Can you not read in that browbeating face the sad experience of widows and orphans? Do you call him a self-made man who has unmade others to make himself — who tears others down to build himself up? Can a man be really rich who makes others poorer? Can he be happy in whose every lineament chronic avarice is seen as plainly as hunger in the countenance of a wolf? How seldom are sweet, serene, beautiful faces seen on men who have been very successful as the world rates success! Nature expresses in the face and manner the sentiment which rules the heart.

"When I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love," says Sydney Smith, "with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life, — what do I say but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that which, if you are rich and great, will vindicate the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which if you are poor will



JOHN BRIGHT,
English Liberal Statesman and Orator.

b. Rochdale, 1811; d. there, 1889.

render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel that it is unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you, — which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the world, — that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud?"

"Character before wealth," was the motto of our Boston merchant Amos Lawrence, who inscribed on his pocketbook, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"Do you know, sir," asked a devotee of Mammon, in speaking to John Bright, "that I am worth a million sterling?" "Yes," said the irritated but calm-spirited respondent, "I do; and I know that it is all you are worth."

"Life is constantly weighing us in very sensitive scales," says Lowell, "and telling every one of us precisely what his real weight is, to the last grain of dust."

"I ought not to allow any man, because he has broad lands, to feel that he is rich in my presence," says Emerson. "I ought to make him feel that I can do without his riches, that I cannot be bought, — neither by comfort, neither by pride, — and although I be utterly penniless, and receiving bread from him, that he is the poor man beside me."

"What do we mean," asked Henry Ward Beecher, "when we say that a man 'is made'? Is it that he has got the control of his lower instincts, so that they are only fuel to his higher feelings, giving force to his nature? That his affections are like vines, sending out

on all sides blossoms and clustering fruits? That his tastes are so cultivated that all beautiful things speak to him, and bring him their delights? That his understanding is opened, so that he walks through every hall of knowledge, and gathers its treasures? That his moral feelings are so developed and quickened that he holds sweet commerce with Heaven? Oh, no — none of these things. He is cold and dead in heart, and mind, and soul. Only his passions are alive; but — he is worth five hundred thousand dollars!

"And we say a man is 'ruined.' Are his wife and children dead? Oh, no. Have they had a quarrel, and are they separated from him? Oh, no. Has he lost his reputation through crime? No. Is his reason gone? Oh, no; it is as sound as ever. Is he struck through with disease? No. He has lost his property, and he is ruined. The man ruined! When shall we learn that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth'?"

A bankrupt merchant, returning home one night, said to his noble wife, "My dear, I am ruined; everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff." After a few moments of silence the wife looked into his face and asked, "Will the sheriff sell you?" "Oh, no." "Will the sheriff sell me?" "Oh, no." "Will he sell the children?" "Oh, no." "Then do not say we have lost everything. All that is most valuable remains to us, — manhood, womanhood, childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune if our hearts and hands are left us."

What power can poverty have over a home where loving hearts are beating with a consciousness of untold riches of head and heart?

A rich mind and noble spirit will cast over the humblest home a radiance of beauty which the upholsterer and decorator can never approach. Who would not prefer to be a millionaire of character, of contentment, rather than possess nothing but the vulgar coins of a Crœsus? Whoever uplifts civilization is rich though he die penniless; and future generations will erect his monument.

Some men are rich in health, in constant cheerfulness, in a mercurial temperament which floats them over troubles and trials enough to sink a shipload of ordinary men. Others are rich in disposition, family, and friends. There are some men so amiable that everybody loves them; some so cheerful that they carry an atmosphere of jollity about them. Some are rich in integrity and character.

What are the toil-sweated productions of wealth piled up in vast profusion around a Girard, or a Rothschild, when weighed against the stores of wisdom, the treasures of knowledge, and the strength, beauty, and glory with which victorious virtue has enriched and adorned a great multitude of minds during the march of a hundred generations?

Phillips Brooks, Whittier, Thoreau, Audubon, Emerson, Beecher, Agassiz, were rich without money. They saw the splendor in the flower, the glory in the grass, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything. They knew that the man who owns the landscape is seldom the one who pays the taxes on it. They sucked in power and wealth at first hand from the meadows and fields, birds, brooks, mountains, and forests, as the bee sucks honey from the flowers. Every natural object seemed to bring them a special message

from the great Author of the beautiful. To such rare souls every natural object is touched with power and beauty; and their thirsty souls drink it in as a traveler on a desert drinks in the God-sent water of the oasis. To extract power and spiritual wealth from the world around them seems to be their mission, and to pour it out again in refreshing showers upon a thirsty humanity.

"What is the measure of a nation's true success?" asked Lowell. "It is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and consolation of mankind."

Thrift.

All this has been said as to the nature of true wealth, after first of all assuming that every human being has been trained in early life (when irrevocable habits are formed) in the fundamental laws of thrift: daily labor; earning a fair means of living; saving enough for pecuniary independence in days of sickness and old age; avoidance of debt; readiness to help others; and all those wholesome divine rules of frugal self-preservation that are to be as rigidly learned and obeyed as the ten commandments — six days for labor and a life without theft or a lie or covetousness.

Assuming all this, one of the first great lessons of life is to learn the true estimate of values. As the youth starts out in his career all sorts of wares will be imposed upon him, and all kinds of temptations will be used to induce him to buy. His success will depend very largely upon his ability to estimate properly, not the apparent but the real value of everything presented to him. Vulgar wealth will flaunt her banner before his eyes, and claim supremacy over everything else. A thousand

schemes will thrust their claims into his face. Every occupation and vocation will present its charms. The youth who would succeed must not allow himself to be deceived, but place the emphasis of life where it belongs.

Is it any wonder that our children start out with wrong ideals of life, with wrong ideas of what constitutes success? The child is "urged to get on," to "rise in the world," to "make money." Yet one of the great lessons to teach in this century of sharp competition and the survival of the fittest is how to be rich without money, and to learn how to do without what is popularly and falsely called success.

"I believe," says Julia Ward Howe, "that many of our youth are learning that a worthy life is the best success; whether it is attended by wealth or poverty, or by that most preferable condition of all, a modest competency. Pure, upright living and steady devotion to principle are the surest foundations of any success worth having."

"No success in life," says Frances E. Willard, "is anything but an absolute failure, unless its purpose is to increase the sum of human good and happiness."

All honor to the comparative few in every walk of life who, amid the strong materialistic tendencies of our age, still speak and act earnestly, inspired by the hope of rewards other than gold or popular favor! These are our truly great men and women. They labor in their ordinary vocations with no less zeal because they give time and thought to higher things.

"A man may as soon fill a chest with grace, or a vessel with virtue," says Phillips Brooks, "as a heart with wealth."

"If you would know the power of character," says

Emerson, "see how much you would impoverish the world if you could take clean out of history the lives of Milton, Shakespeare, and Plato, — these three, — and cause them not to be."

Are we tender, loving, self-denying, and honest, trying to fashion our frail lives after that of the model man of Nazareth? Then, though our pockets are often empty, we have an inheritance which is as overwhelmingly precious as it is eternally incorruptible.

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays, and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: men, high-minded men."

VIII. THE APOLLO BELVIDERE AND VENUS DI MILO.

These statues stand for symmetry — for an ideal. Is not every character to be formed upon a unique personal ideal? And is not every man a law unto himself, in making for himself a well-proportioned character?

> "I wonder if ever a song was sung
> But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
> I wonder if ever a hymn was rung,
> But the thought surpassed the meter!
> I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought,
> Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
> Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
> The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!"

"Yet the aim of every man," said Humboldt, "should be to secure the highest and most harmonious development of his powers to a complete and consistent whole."

This aim is sought for by aspiring youth, who are unable, perhaps, to analyze character any more than they can a rose; but they live straight onward, and develop a singular beauty of life without noting its stages of growth or the law of its unfolding.

In every painting of the masters there is one idea or figure which stands out boldly; everything else is subordinate, and finds its real significance not in itself, but in pointing to the central idea. So, in the universe of God, every object of creation is but a guideboard with an index finger pointing to the central figure — Man. Man is the only great thing in the universe; all the ages have been trying to produce a perfect model. Only

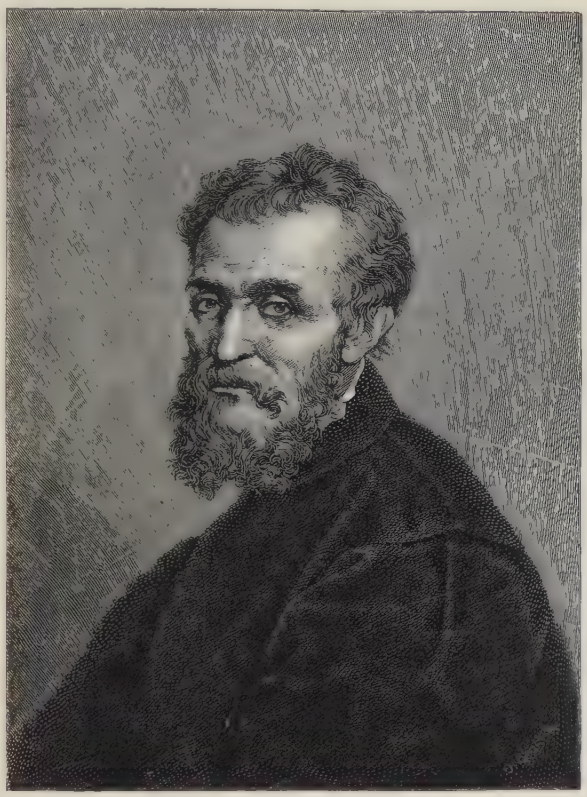
one complete human life, one ideal life, has yet been evolved. Is not life itself a fine art, and more difficult than sculpture, painting, music, architecture, or the creations of poetry? Do we not need to learn how to live?

Apelles hunted over Greece for many years, studying the fairest points of beautiful women, getting here an eye, there a forehead, there a nose, here a grace, and there a turn of beauty, for his famous portrait of a perfect woman which enchanted the world. So the coming man will be composite — many in one. He will absorb into himself not the weakness, not the follies, but the strength and the virtues of other types of men. He will be a man raised to the highest power. He will be self-centered, equipoised, and ever master of himself. His sensibility will not be blunted by violation of nature's laws. His whole character will be impressible, and will respond to the most delicate touches of nature.

"Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance?" asks a modern teacher. "It is not molded at once. It is not struck out at a single blow. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness comes out and stands fixed and unchanging in the solid marble. So does a man carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work."

"I cannot see that you have made any progress since my last visit," said a critic to Michael Angelo. "But," said the sculptor, "I have retouched this part, polished that, softened this feature, brought out that muscle, given some expression to this lip, more energy to that limb." "But these are trifles!" "It may be so, but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

"That infinite patience which made Michael Angelo



MICHELAGNOLO BUONARROTI,
Italian Sculptor, Painter, Architect, and Poet.

b. Capresse, 1475; d. Rome, 1564.

spend a week in bringing out a muscle in a statue with more vital fidelity to truth, or Gerhard Douw a day in giving the right effect to a dewdrop on a cabbage leaf," makes all the difference between success and failure.

A man took a large, beautiful onyx to a noted artist to see what he could do to cover up a tinge of iron rust, which seemed to make the stone almost worthless. The artist engraved out of the blemish the figure of a lovely goddess. So the successful man turns the commonest events, the homeliest things, into that which is beautiful in his life. And if he does it by a law of symmetrical development, then love, charity, contentment, benignity, and cheerfulness will look out from the marble he works upon. Let youth be taught to look for beauty in all they see, and to embody beauty in all they do, and the imagination will be active and healthy. If one loves beauty and looks for it, he will see it everywhere. If there is music in his soul, he will hear it everywhere; every object in nature will sing to him. Life will be neither a drudgery nor a dream, but will become full of God's life and love.

If you infuse into the purpose with which you follow the various employments and professions of life, no matter how humble they may be, the sense of beauty, pleasure, and harmony, you are transformed at once from an artisan to an artist. Any discontent you feel with the work you are compelled to do comes from your doing it in the spirit of a drudge. Do it in the spirit of a master, with a perception of the beauty which inheres in all honest work, and the drudgery will disappear in delight. "It is the spirit in which we work, not the work itself, which lends dignity to labor; and many a field has been ploughed, many a house built, in a grander spirit than has

sometimes attended the government of empires or the creation of epics." How few, even in this magnificent life-gallery, where nature holds perpetual carnival of harmony and beauty, see anything of value except dollars and merchandise! As Emerson says, the farmer sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of the *man* on the farm.

Life is not mean, it is grand; if it is mean to any, he makes it so. God made it glorious. It is paved with diamonds; its banks He fringed with flowers. He overarched it with stars. Around it He spread the glory of the physical universe, — suns, moons, worlds, constellations, systems, — all that is magnificent in motion, sublime in magnitude, and grand in order and obedience. God would not have attended life with this broad march of grandeur if it did not mean something.

Ruskin tells us that the earth we tread beneath our feet is composed of clay and sand and soot and water; and he tells us that, if Nature has her perfect work (in these things), the clay will become porcelain, and may be painted upon and placed in the king's palace; then, again, it may become clear and hard and white, and have the power of drawing to itself the blue and the red, the green and the purple rays of the sunlight, and become an opal. The sand will become very hard and white, and have the power of drawing to itself the blue rays of the sunlight, and become a sapphire. The soot will become the hardest and whitest substance known, and be changed into a diamond. The water in the summer is a dewdrop, and in the winter crystallizes into a star. Even so the homeliest lives, by drawing to themselves the coloring of truth, sincerity, charity, and faith, may become crystals and gems "of purest ray serene."

Every thought which enters the mind, every word we utter, every deed we perform, makes its impression upon the inmost fiber of our being, and the resultant of these impressions is our character. The study of books, of music, or of the fine arts is not essential to a lofty character. It rests with the workman whether a rude piece of marble shall be squared into a horse-block or carved into an Apollo, a Psyche, or a Venus di Milo. It is yours, if you choose, to develop a spiritual form more beautiful than any of these, instinct with immortal life, refulgent with all the glory of character. "The power of great thoughts and grand sentiments to refine the face and manner, to lift man above his surroundings, is marvelous. We see this illustrated in the faces of great scientists, great reformers, and great statesmen." The body is but a servant of the mind. A well-balanced, cultured, and well-disciplined intellect reacts very powerfully upon the physique, and tends to bring it into harmony with itself. On the other hand, a weak, vacillating, one-sided, unsteady, and ignorant mind will ultimately bring the body into sympathy with it. Every pure and uplifting thought, every noble aspiration for the good and the true, every longing of the heart for a higher and better life, every lofty purpose and unselfish endeavor, reacts upon the body, makes it stronger, more harmonious, and more beautiful.

The influence of artistic work depicting character, in sculpture or painting, comes down to us from remote ages. We never weary of the antique forms of perfected beauty. Is Michael Angelo dead? Ask the hundreds of thousands who have gazed with rapt souls upon his immortal works at Rome. In how many thousands of lives has he lived and reigned!

"There is," says Dr. J. R. Miller, "always something pouring out from our lives, like heat from a flame or perfume from a flower. Many a life has been started on a career of beauty and blessing by the influence of a noble act. Every true soul is impressed continually by the glimpses it has of loveliness, of holiness, or of nobleness in others."

There are men and women in every country who conquer before they speak, and who exert an influence out of all proportion to their ability; and people wonder what is the secret of their power over men. It is natural for all classes to believe in and to follow character, for character is power.

"When Raphael was a boy of seventeen he went to study with the artist, Perugino. It was discovered, some time afterwards, that soon after the apprenticeship of Raphael began, the style of Perugino changed. His work was chastened by an unexpected tenderness of feeling and candor of expression; his color acquired a brightness and sweetness of modulation unknown to him before, and this because a boy had come to be taught by him, and had thrown the influence of his life about his master's heart."

Every one, however humble, is daily and hourly altering and molding the character of all with whom he mingles, and exerting a power that will reproduce itself through countless generations.

Our manners, our bearing, our presence, tell the story of our lives, though we do not speak; and the influence of every act is felt in the utmost part of the globe. Has not every man that ever lived contributed something toward making me what I am? Has not the chisel of every member of society contributed a blow to the marble of my life, and influenced its destiny?

"If we work upon marble, it will perish," said Webster; "if upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, — if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen, — we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten through all eternity."

IX. CULTIVATING THE GROWTH OF MAN-TIMBER.

"God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands:
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor — men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking."

All the world cries, "Where is the man who will save us? We want a man!" Don't look so far for this man. You have him at hand. This man — it is you, it is I; it is each one of us! . . . How to constitute one's self a man? Nothing harder, if one knows not how to will it; nothing easier, if one wills it. — ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

As there is nothing in the world great but man, there is nothing truly great in man but character. — W. M. EVARTS.

Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
Greatly begin! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime, —
Not failure, but low aim, is crime. — LOWELL.

And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flowed around my incompleteness;
Round my restlessness, his rest. — MRS. BROWNING.

"Character is everything," said Charles Sumner, when upon his dying bed.

"First of all," said President Garfield, when a boy, "I must make myself a man; if I do not succeed in that I can succeed in nothing."

"According to the order of nature, men being equal, their common vocation is the profession of humanity," says Rousseau, in his celebrated essay on Education. "And whoever is well educated to discharge the duty of a man cannot be badly prepared to fill any of those offices that have a relation to him. It matters little to me whether my pupil be designed for the army, the pulpit, or the bar. Nature has destined us to the offices of human life, antecedent to our destination concerning society. To live is the profession I would teach him. When I have done with him, it is true he will be neither a soldier, a lawyer, nor a divine. LET HIM FIRST BE A MAN. Fortune may remove him from one rank to another as she pleases; he will be always found in his place."

We are, therefore, to remember, as Dr. Moxon has told us, that the main business of life is not to do, but to become; and that action itself has its finest and most enduring fruit in character.

John Stuart Mill has put this matter clearly: "The character itself should be to the individual a paramount end, simply because the existence of this ideal nobleness of character, or of a near approach to it, in any abundance, would go further than all things else toward making human life happy, both in the comparatively humble sense of pleasure and freedom from pain, and in the higher meaning of rendering life not what it now is, almost universally puerile and insignificant, but such as every human being with highly developed faculties would desire to have."

And this, says Mill, every man is to work at: "Though our character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape those circumstances; and what is really inspiriting and ennobling in the doctrine

of free will is the conviction that we have real power over the formation of our own character; our will, by influencing some of our circumstances, being able to modify our future habits or capacities of willing."

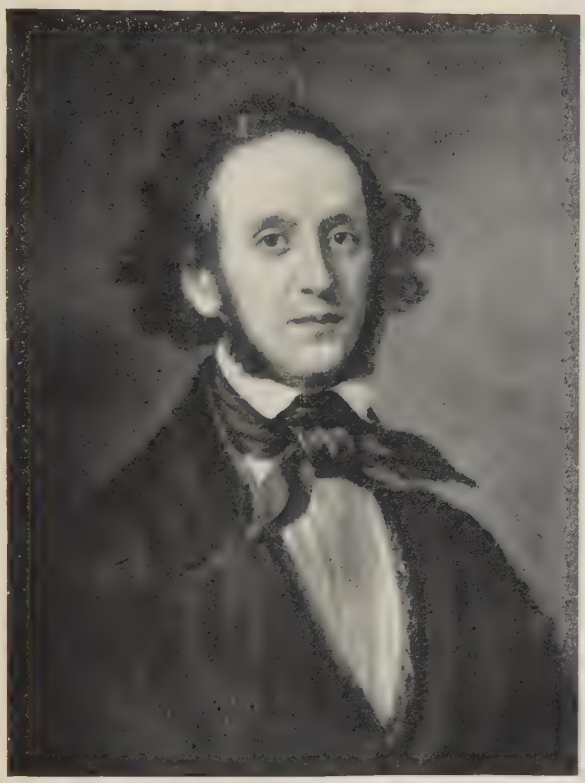
How is character made up, except by our choices and our refusals? We select from life what we choose. We resemble insects which assume the color of the leaves and plants they feed upon, for sooner or later we become like the food of our minds, like the creatures that live in our hearts. Every act of our lives, every word, every association, is written with an iron pen upon the very texture of our being.

"There is dew in one flower and not in another," said Beecher, "because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off."

What will our future be but what we make it? Our purpose will give it character. One's resolution is one's prophecy. There is no bright hope, no great outlook, for the man who is not inspired by a stalwart purpose, which alone is the true interpreter of his manhood.

"There is not in the lowest depths of our hearts," said Robertson of Brighton, "a mere desire for happiness, but a craving, as natural to us as the desire for food,—the craving for nobler, higher life." To satisfy this craving is good business to be in.

If a youth were to start out in the world with the fixed determination that he will make no statement but the exact truth; that every promise shall be redeemed to the letter; that every appointment shall be kept with the strictest faithfulness, and with sacred regard for other men's time; if he should hold his reputation as a priceless treasure, and feel that the eyes of the world are upon him, that he must not deviate a hair's breadth



JAKOB LUDWIG FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY,
German Composer and Musician.

b. Hamburg, 1809; d. Leipsic, 1847.

from the truth and right, — if he should take such a stand at the outset, — he would come to have the almost unlimited confidence of mankind.

What we are to be really, we are now potentially. As the future oak lies folded in the acorn, so in the present lies our future. Our success will be, can be, but a natural tree, developed from the seed of our own sowing; the fragrance of its blossoms and the richness of its fruitage will depend upon nourishment absorbed from our past and present.

The first requisite of all education and discipline should be MAN-TIMBER. Tough timber must come from well-grown, sturdy trees. Such wood can be turned into a mast, can be fashioned into a piano, or an exquisite carving. But it must become timber first. Time and patience develop the sapling into the tree. So, through discipline, education, experience, the sapling child is developed into hardy mental, moral, physical timber. The only real success worthy of the name is that which comes from a consciousness of growing wider, deeper, higher, in mental and moral power, as the years go on. To feel the faculties expanding and unfolding — this is the only life worth living.

And is not all this inspiration in response to a Divine touch and a Divine life? When Mendelssohn once went to see the great Freiburg organ, the custodian, not knowing who he was, would not let him touch it. After much persuasion he allowed the persistent youth to touch a few notes. The old man stood entranced; he had never heard such melody before. At length he asked the great player his name; and, when he had been told, he stood humiliated and self-condemned. A greater musician than Mendelssohn, unknown to us, perhaps, has stood by the

human organ which very possibly has given out only "wolf-notes" before to the world, pleading with us to let Him touch the strings and bring out music divine.

And what a grace it is to come into touch with God! I have read of a girl whose wonderful grace and purity of character charmed every one who knew her. One day a friend touched the spring of a little gold locket which she always wore on her neck, but which she had let no one see, and in it were these words: "Whom, not having seen, I love."

Mrs. Livermore has said that Miss Willard was ever conscious of being encompassed round about by unseen presences and helpers. She lived in perfect spiritual reciprocity with the unseen world.

How beautiful it all is, after the blunders and the high aspirations of youth, and the struggles of manhood, if life's discipline has brought us nearer and nearer to God and the ideal life! "What are our yearnings," asks Beecher, "but homesickness for heaven? Our sighings are sighings for God, just as children cry themselves asleep away from home, and sob in their slumber, not knowing that they sob for their parents. The soul's inarticulate moanings are the affections yearning for the Infinite, and having no one to tell them what it is that ails them."

Do you not remember the legend, how the inhabitants of an ancient hamlet proposed to welcome their king, when it was announced that he would honor them with his presence? Early and late they toiled to beautify their village, to make their homes pleasing in his sight. At length, their utmost done, they rested on the eve of their sovereign's coming. But lo, in the night, while they slept, the angels came down and transformed all

their work. The morning sunlight unfolded a scene of radiant splendor. On the sites of lowly cottages stately mansions rose. Snow-white marble gleamed where simply wood had been. Golden pinnacles shone aloft in the bright sunlight. Fountains sent forth their wealth of spray. Palm trees, in graceful loveliness, stood around their village green. Though but a fable, this story is substantially true; since it is thus that God, with the smile of approval, enriches, ennobles, and beautifies the labors of those who love Him, and out of love serve Him.

When, at the evening of our little day, He comes to us, or sends His messenger to bid us come home, not the great things we have done, but faithfulness in doing the little duties that he has placed upon our hands, will win His approval.

"Follow the Star! It may not lead thy feet
Through pleasant vales where bloom and fragrance wait;
Nor may it lead thee to those mountain heights
Where worldly fame and honor hold their state;
Yet follow thou! Forget not 't is the Star!
And it shall lead to no one less than God,
And it shall lead to God, though God be far."

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